

"As I sit here in my prison cell, I see the economic life and vitality of the Black community turn into ruins..."



Khalfani Khaldun is facing trial in July 1996 for the murder of an Indiana Corrections officer. He has been a prison organizer for years & this frame-up is the latest attempt by the state to silence his revolutionary voice.

This pamphlet, written by Khalfani Khaldun, includes important details of his case and a radical plan for "Peace in the Streets."

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a

**story
that
must
be
told**

KHALFANI KHALDUN





*(Back Row, Left of Right) Bro. Ajamu Zaid, Jomo Khalid, Rashief Basheere
(Front) Khalfani Khaldun*

a story
that must
be told

KHALFANI KHALDUN



Back (l to r): Khalfani Khaldun, Hondo Khalfani, & Ajamu (Gregory Reshover)
Front: Maxine Hurson



Man-Child Khalfani Khaldun with grandmother Queen Sonora McQuay



(Left to Right) Bro. Ajamu Zaid, Smooth Black X, Khalfani Khaldun, Jati, Seukuo

Facts About the Death Penalty

(Updated April 1, 1996)

Supplied by the Death Penalty Information Center

1606 20th St. NW • Washington, D.C. 20009

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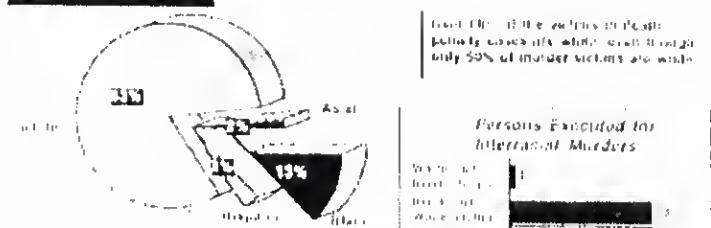
Race of Defendants Executed



Race of Death Row Inmates: Half Are Minorities



Race of Victims: About A Third of Cases Involve White Victims



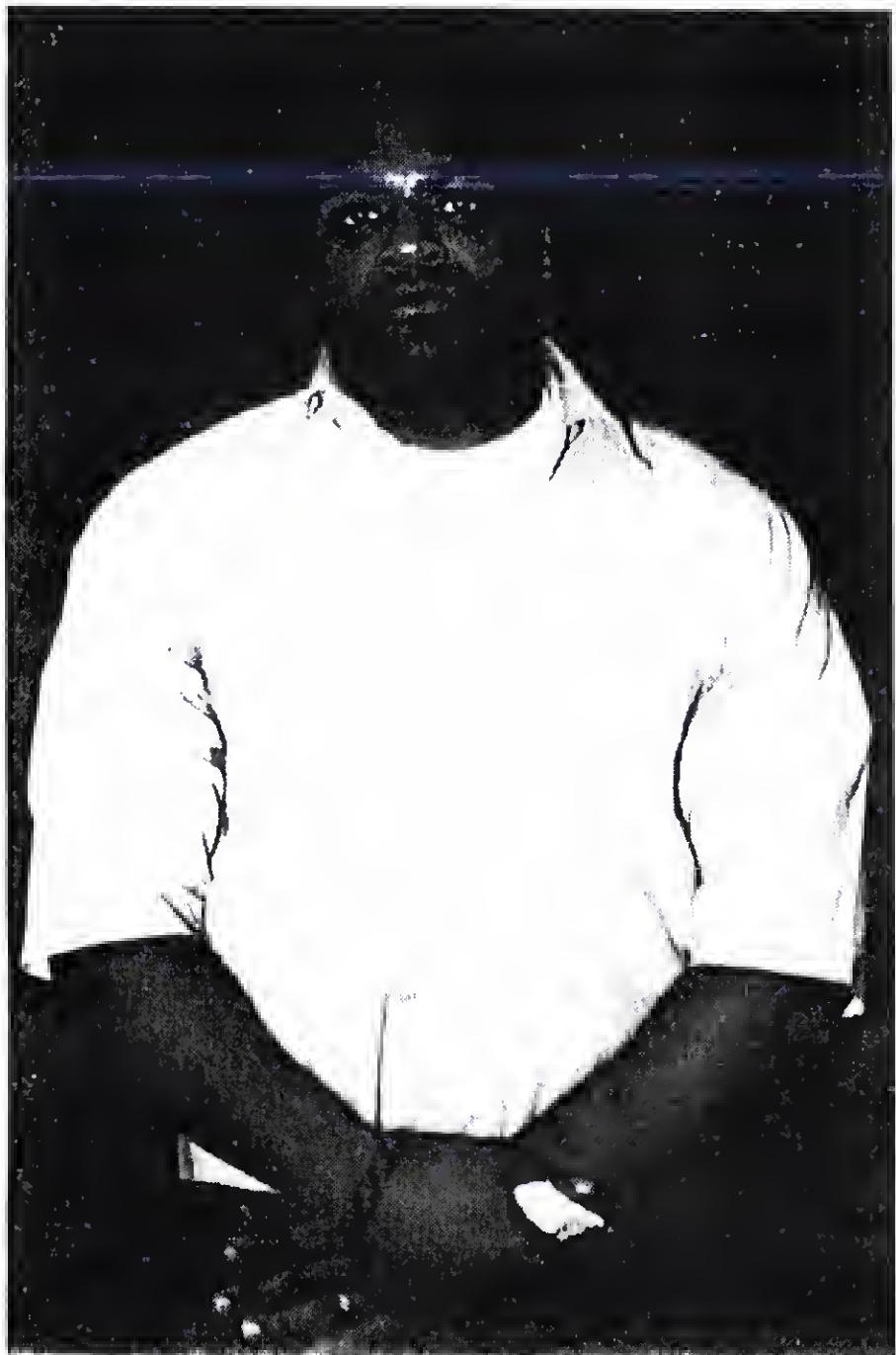
In 17 of 21 studies (reviewed), race of the victim was found to influence the likelihood of being charged with capital murder or receiving the death penalty, i.e., those who murdered whites were more likely to be sentenced to death than those who murdered blacks.
Source: Death Penalty Information Center, Death Penalty Sentencing, Feb. 1990.



a story that must be told

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Khalfani Khaldun

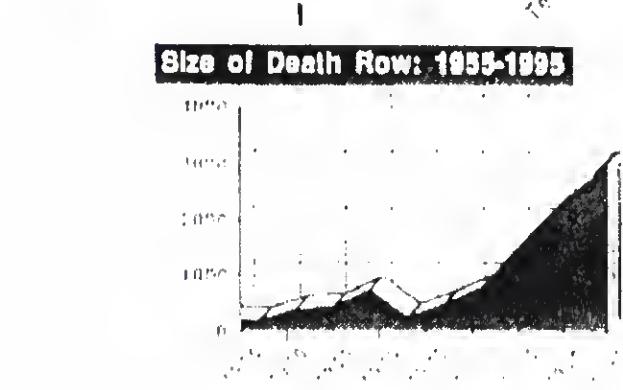
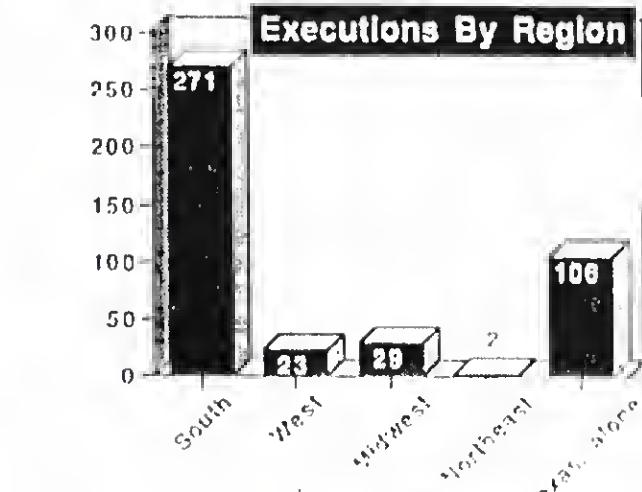
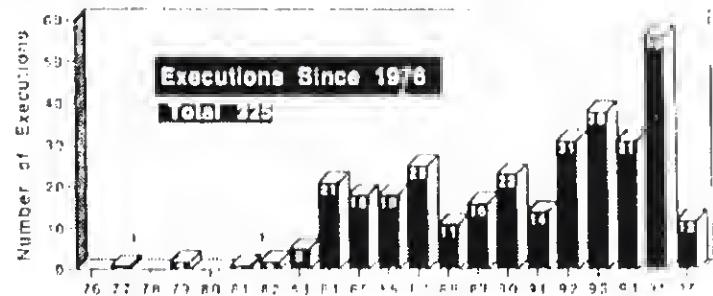
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Rise!!!
(Courageous Black Sistah)

Your significance is of Great importance, to the world and human kind as a whole; without you existence our world would be imbalanced, gruesome, and cold;

Courageous Black Woman.... without your understanding and love, most of us wouldn't be able to reach above. Your loving touch, your warm smile, makes our struggle worth that extra mile

Courageous Black Sistah.... you are the mother which gives rise to many nations of men and women boys and girls that gives color to the lightness of this world

Courageous Black Woman.... It was you that gave us great men and women, such as Malcolm X, Nat Turner, Assata Shakur, Bell Hooks, George Jackson, Marcus Garvey, and still we rise up;

Courageous Black Woman.... You are strong minded, strong willed, strong bodied person, awaken yourself. Because its better for our health. Because when you become aware we will reach that final stair.

Freedom for the Black sistah means freedom for our Nation as a whole.

Still we rise,
Courageous Black sistah

Khalfani Khaldun
1995

A STORY THAT MUST BE TOLD

This pamphlet has been put together by some concerned friends that, like myself, feel my story must be told and we hope this helps anyone that has suffered the same fate. The work will go off into some very sensitive subjects that have basically led up to me being framed on the charge of murder. A charge that came 181 days after the state execution of a dear friend and comrade of struggle: Gregory "Ajamu" Resnover.

The state has conspired to seek a conviction by using coerced statements, fabricated evidence, and false promises. The case is one of complete manufacturing led by State Police, Investigators, State Correctional Officers and coerced state informants. The Indiana State Prison officials have a long deceitful history of set-ups, character assassination, doctoring materials to reach a conclusion where a conviction is truly inevitable. What I'm saying here is a true/accurate account of my battles and struggles for change of self and transformation of a criminal mentality to one of a new man- a revolutionary. My imprisonment has been one of isolation due to my rebellious nature and now new found consciousness. As you will see I became a target of Karl Swihart, the Indiana State Prisons Investigator. This case was investigated by this racist which eventually led to a charge of murder of a corrections officer named Philip Curry.

Any and all proceeds from this booklet will be geared towards my defense and appeals, if the State is successful in its plot to destroy what they now realize is a very strong New Afrikan brother. I dedicate this to my family in Gary, Indiana and my man-child, little Khalfani, who is soon to be nine years old, and to all the people who have aided me in exposing this case. Salaam
Khalfani X. Khaldun
Live From Super-Max

From Bay To Man

I entered prison in 1987, a young man, one who terrorized his neighborhood with actions coming from the mind of the slave - strictly reactionary and misguided. As many youngsters do, I went through a rite of passage, many ups and downs, but the end result was gradual consciousness development.

Several years into my incarceration I was confronted by the chief investigator of the Indiana State Prisons, named Karl Swihart. He indirectly told me to become a willing addition to his informants list. He thought that I would go for this because I was threatened with being placed in

solitary confinement. I refused all his proposals, even as a youngster I knew it wasn't correct to aid the system. Some days passed, then on a Saturday, while I was on the weight exercise yard, some brothers came running - saying the cell I was assigned to was charred by a fire. I ran out to the cell house and the officers had already cleared it. All the inmates stood outside looking at me running into the cell house. I went directly to the cell, where the fireman had just killed the fire. My emotions were overflowing, the rage was intense, the fear in such an act was apparent as well as cowardice. This was a message sent by Karl Swihart, that I was dead. If they wanted to kill me it could of been done when I was inside the cell. Johnny Lodge, a Brother, was killed by Indiana State Officials this way back in October 18, 1983 burned beyond recognition.

Everything inside the cell was destroyed. The steel bed and bars were actually bent and contorted from the heat. The cells on both sides of the one I occupied were destroyed by the flames. Shortly afterwards, everyone was escorted back to their cells, I was taken to an Isolation Unit, where I stayed for 6 days. My family was called by same comrades and briefed of the tragedy and visited the next morning. Aware of the wicked actions of Karl Swihart and his helpers, I needed the warm loving embrace of family .

The morning after my visit I was transferred to the Indiana Reformatory, where I ran into lots of the mentors that played a role in my development into manhood. I was called "nigger" by a racist aspiring Klanner and later found myself in segregation which they call D/S (Disciplinary Segregation) where most of the rebellious reside. The conditions of this unit were very nasty and unsanitary. As a collective me and some righteous brothers agreed to wage a strike. The purpose for the strike was to shutdown the unit. Inmates had been serving meals throughout the unit, we had that and all movement stopped. This forced the officers to be responsible for the passing of trays and cleaning up after us. State officials tried everything to convince us to let up but our struggle continued. Some people were manipulated by prison officials into coming out and disrespecting our collective and had to be corrected. Due to their violations, charges came about. Two comrades and I were charged with attempted murder, that was never pursued but we all were put on segregation for three years and demoted from credit class I to III. Due to our strong show of force and rebellion against the injustices upon us we all were shipped back to Michigan City State Prison. On June 30, 1989 I was back on the Indiana prison's Segregation Unit, I.D.U. (Isolated Disciplinary Unit).

I stayed on this unit from June 30, 1989 until 1991 when I was released to General Population. I was snatched back up after three days by Karl

You're Not So Heavy

As I rise from bed everyday,
It is done with great intensity.
Just knowing that my purpose is great,
and committed to freeing my people.

You're not so heavy...

Struggling on is an everyday thing
when won it can make your heart sing,
it has great powers for most as it gives
the shallow zing

you're not so heavy...

Oppression has cast its ugly spell upon
our people and their struggles seem
unbearable sometimes;
but strong people we are and...

you're not too heavy...

We are an extended family,
our links and roots run deep all across the
plains of the motherland to the
Northern shores of Northern Amerikkka.
My people you're not heavy.

Lets work together to save the
babies, children, people and the land.

Because they're not so heavy...
During slavery, we helped and carried one another,
we shared with one another,
we loved one another.
It's our time to stand by one another,
we are not so heavy...

You're not too heavy,
I am not so heavy,
we all are not so heavy...
Lets carry each other.

Khalfani Khaldun
1995

Swihart and office claiming they got word I was staying a prison gang take over. He was successful and had me placed on A/S (Administrative Segregation), where I stayed from 1991 to March 1993. I was released again, but only back to yet another segregation unit. This one is called D-Cell house, a "predator unit" where all allegedly known gang leaders, troublemakers or threats to their facist order are kept.

The only reason I was released into this reactionary atmosphere was because this freak, Karl Swihart and his cohorts were hoping that I along with the rest of the comrades that were released off of A/S would create a hostile setting. However to his surprise this stupid plan of his backfired. The 'todes and I managed to collectively gather our constructive thoughts towards a greater change. We split into sets, five of us on the east-side and five on the west-side of the unit.

Within three weeks to a month we had classes of political development and cultural awareness that bloomed into some productive groups. Due to my constant long lockups I had a lot of ideas that needed to take shape and form. I formed a study library for political development. Each person who checked out material had to complete essays on their material. Once again my presence gave a bad taste in the mouths of the prison administration and especially Karl Swihart. Transformations were everywhere and a lot of overtly reactionary behavior became dominant.

Not being able to stir up confusion and create divisions, the state launched a vicious attack on all the participants of study programs. In an attempt to stop our work and divide and conquer, they began to slander me as a gang leader and a prison provocateur. To curtail my workshops at the prison, a slander campaign was in high flow. One morning, buck in July, while I was going to eat breakfast I was attacked by someone that I believe was influenced by Karl Swihart. This nut, high on psychotropic drugs, threw a pot of scalding water on me. I then attacked with the force of ten men but the injury had already occurred. We were segregated and I beat the charge on appeal and was later released. I endured second degree burns about my chest/stomach area to inner thighs. I was rushed out to the Memorial Hospital since the burns had blistered up severely. The doctors cut open and removed the wrist of them. After being medicated and bandaged, I was released back to the prison hospital where I stayed about two weeks. My family made a lot of noise and was eventually allowed to see me. I was wrapped up like a mummy from my chest to my legs. My mother, bless her soul, full of emotions screamed "what has these criminals done to my baby?!" My eyes began to water but I managed to utter words of strength: "it will be OK, hell will be their reward."



Asante-Sane Mumia

Asante-Sane Mumia
I've stepped up and speakin out
So that people can know all about,
All the injustices the enemy wages on you

Asante-Sane Mumia
Your cause, your cause, your life,
has become all our fight
Because the people know it's right

Asante-Sane Mumia
Your strength has resurrected my soul
For all the world our story is told
To all the young and the old--
We must be free!

Brother Mumia
I've grown stronger and wiser
Your struggle has taken me higher,
To remain strong and keep holding on,
For the people will be free.

Long live MOVE, long live Revolution,
For it's our only solution.
Keep up, stay strong.
I believe in you, we believe in you,
For you believe in us.

Self-determination, Land, and Independence
Rebuild
Khuldan Khuldan
1995

After two weeks of being pumped by three New Afrikan female nurses, I was released back to D-Cell-House. Where the revolutionary community embraced me with clenched fist salutes and heal-fast wishes. Most wanted to strike out, but I wanted to reestablish our programs. Not one week after I was released from the prison infirmary was I to become a victim in yet another one of Swihart's plots to destroy me and once again I was called upon to did some 'trades that found themselves in a tight squeeze. This investigator knew of my close relations with these brothers and in an attempt to create divisions between us, Swihart sent an inmate to become close to me and find out the extent of my activities inside the unit. This inmate later tried to get me to agree to smuggle some explosives into the prison. Knowing my stance as an aspiring revolutionary, Swihart thought I'd go for it. He had already hidden the explosives inside the prison and when I refused, it foiled his plan. He failed in getting his snitch to have me touch certain materials to retrieve my prints. So he managed to have his snitch say he personally saw me with these materials in question, later known to be three pipe bombs. I was escorted to this room at the prison where State Police and DEA agents fingerprinted me and said federal charges were forthcoming. Their snitch was transferred to the C.I.C. Indiana State prison after he had been used by Karl Swihart. They had no real evidence against me, their whole thing was an attempt to spook me up into becoming a provocateur. It never happened. I have always remained steadfast under these pressures led on by these racists.

The Murder of Ajamu

On December 8, 1994 brother Gregory Resner (Ajamu) was wrongfully murdered by the State of Indiana at this same prison. This brother was very well loved by many throughout the camps. The prison was locked down three days before his execution from fear of some form of rebellion or demonstrations. May the spirit of Ajamu stay alive in all of us!

On December 13, 1994, five days after the death of Ajamu, a corrections officer was killed in the predator cell-house where I was housed. The whole west-side of D-Cell-House was out returning from evening chow, close to three hundred people. The records show this officer was allegedly attacked on the 300-range sleeping area. He was stabbed a number of times, the fatal wound was a heart shot.

Shortly after, the whole cell house was secured. Some ten to twenty officers entered the cell house and ended up at my trusted brother's cell. He was kidnapped first then they came back for me. I was taken to a small room above the hospital and made to strip away all my clothes. One

5. Attempt to resurrect the Boys and Girls Clubs in the Black community, form classes that promote self-esteem, self-determination, service, family and community, math, reading, and positive social conditions.

6. Form voluntary groups that take time out to the elders, making sure they have the needed transportation to get to doctor appointments, do shopping, and to attend to business affairs.

7. Form community-watch and protection groups to screen the community and protect what we are creating.

8. Form clean-up groups that maintain the cutting of grass, shoveling of snow, removal of trash, and the painting or repainting of houses.

9. Form Big Sister and Big Brother programs to stabilize character, strengthen racial pride, confidence, and self-worth in our youth.

10. Last but not least, a constant network in order to maintain social interaction, solidifying our bond and our sense of family.

Conclusion: A Beginning

In closing, I leave you with the words of the Afrikan pledge:

Stay strong and continue to stand up against all forms of injustice. We will remember the humanity, color, and suffering of our ancestors and honor the struggle of our elders.

We will strive to bring new values and new life to our people.

We will be loving, sharing, and creative.

We will work, study, and listen so we may learn, so we may teach. We will cultivate self-reliance.

We will struggle to resurrect and unify our homeland.

We will raise many children in our nation.

We will have discipline, patience, duration, and courage.

We will live as models to provide new direction for our people.

We will be free and self-determining.

We are Afrikan People.

We dare to struggle. We dare to win!

nation that no matter what our problems may be, we are a big family—an "extended family"—and we have the power to reeducate and liberate ourselves. We must begin to generate the love in the community that once flourished ever so brightly. It would be our motivating force that joins us together as one connected Nation of people. When we seek to blame the youth for all that is happening in society, we must look at ourselves in the mirror and see ourselves as well. When we complain, but have nothing to help the matter, we are as much to blame and have no right to complain.

Should-Be Heroes

The reachionary drug dealer has become the hero or role model for many youth in the community and this is only so because everything the dealer represents is glamorized and glorified. In today's society, the Black unsung heroes are a thing of the past. I was a product of this cycle—all the fast money, shiny jewelry, shun silk clothes, and Cadillacs were what attracted me. This is what has the people of the world so caught up. But none of those guys are alive and since my political transformation I now have heroes who have represented my people totally and they are my role models. Brother Malik El-Shabazz (Malcolm X), Brother Marcus Messiah Garvey, George Jackson, Brother Nat Turner, Brother W.E.B. DuBois, Brother Cleo Guevaria, Fidel Castro, Steven Biko, Kwame Nkrumah... These men are heroes and their legacy has given rise to political development across the board. These brothers should be your heroes, too.

Moving Toward Solutions

Many brothers and sisters are saying Revolutionaries are just full of talk, but fail to present effective solutions. So I will address some concrete solutions I personally feel will be beneficial in the effort to reclaim our humanity and liberate ourselves:

1. Form a community base where the concrete conditions of the people can be addressed.
2. Generate a community fund with the help of each family that is interested in seeing the changes in our Black communities.
3. Request the support of the Black churches; we will need halls and centers to stage rallies and lay down programs.
4. Form neighborhood committees to reeducate our people, particularly our youth.

officer, Jeff Bahler, was the same officer who helped the bloody dying man to the ambulance. His same bloodstained hands took my clothes that I was never to see again. After they gave me a red jumpsuit labeled "M.C.C." (Maximum Control Complex), I knew I was being transferred.

Interrogation

They had called State police, Karl Swihart, and Andy Paul, both Indiana State Investigators. They failed in getting me to say anything at which time Karl Swihart took pictures of my hands and promised he would "destroy me by putting this one on me and making it stick this time." I requested my attorney, thus invoking my rights to have counsel present during interrogation. (See Edwards v. Arizona 451 U.S. 477, 68 LED2d 378, 101 Sct1880(1981) where it states "At any custodial interrogation counsel must be present.") I was transferred to Super-Max M.C.C. at Westville where I have been ever since. Upon my arrival they had puffed out all the stops, about 20 racist corrections officers were awaiting my arrival. While stepping outside the escort van, their attempts at intimidation fell on deaf ears. Telling me to say "yes sir" and "no sir", which was a joke to say the least. I saw a lot of emotions in these faces: fear, anger, deceit and the looks of wanting to beat me to death with their oakwood sticks. I managed to evade the beat-down and was showered and escorted to my cell.

On December 28, 1994 the State Police violated the law by coming to M.C.C. and again attempting to question me. I requested to have temporary counsel present, I never waived my rights to counsel and they still stated that it was in my own best interest to speak to them. I demanded to be taken back to my sleeping area. On January 24, 1995, I was yet again confronted by M.C.C. staff saying that I HAD to go see these suckers again or I would be taken by force. So to evade the confrontation, I went again. It was clear they had a weak case and were having problems manufacturing evidence on me. They said they needed a motive. I said "either charge me or just leave me the hell alone" and requested to be taken back.

On January 31 the Indiana State Police charged me for the murder of the corrections officer. They served me a copy of the murder warrant, information for murder I.C. 35-42-1-1 C. 35-50-2-3. On February 16 I was transported to the Laporte County Courthouse for my initial hearing where all of the present discovery was released to me. The presiding judge then conducted a hearing, briefing of the charge, asking me was I aware of my rights, finding me indigent and appointing me a public pretender to my case.

When I got the chance to go over my discovery, I noticed a whole lot of assuming in the statements made by State officials. The night of this alleged crime it was assumed that this officer was hit due to a drug deal gone bad. Another officer claims to have overheard the orders by a gang chief to execute the officer as a way of proving himself. The most absurd and insulting one of all was the investigators putting on the wire that I was an informant for this officer and to prevent myself from being exposed, I killed him. This is not true and they have NO evidence to uphold either claim. They even tried to have an inmate say this guy was engaged to marry my sister and a wedding was to happen some days after he was executed on December 13, 1994. They realize that this frame-up is now crumbling under their feet so in an attempt to save face they interviewed practically everybody from D-Cell-House.

In a successful attempt at inducing fear, they made two inmates sign or make statements to place me at the scene after threats of segregation if they didn't cooperate in return for favors and promises. On December 21, 1994 Alonzo Deadweiler made a statement that was taken by Karl Swihart. In this statement he claimed to have witnessed me kill the officer. He also claimed to have seen a weapon, but honestly if I did do it and he saw me wouldn't it be safe to say he would have been killed also? Use common sense in reading this. Only one hour later, Swihart managed to get another inmate, Anthony Jones known as "Two Seconds" to corroborate Deadweiler's story in part. He claimed that a knife was thrown in front of his cell while he was locked inside. However, Jones stays on the eastside of the unit while the crime allegedly took place on the westside. The knife, which was supposedly the murder weapon, was never even found. These two statements were used to get an indictment for murder brought against me.

Exculpatory Evidence

Just recently I received sworn statements from three inmates that the state was claiming were their primary witnesses. Alonzo Deadweiler clearly states that he was manipulated by the State Police and promised favors if he helped them get me on these murder charges. He states that he is willing to come and testify on my behalf to expose their conspiracy and trumped-up charges.

On December 13, a Sgt. Backlor made a statement that a prisoner housed in D-Cell-House told him "Khalfoni done that shit." This was a lie because just recently, yet again, I received a sworn statement from that offender, whose name is James "Gaylord" McKinney, claiming that

from poor homes. We are deprived of a sound and well-balanced education, must wear the same clothes to school five days out of a week, and have to eat only grilled cheese and bread that was given to you by the government. Then we see all the other children with brand new shoes, bikes, and clothes to wear to school everyday. This experience goes for male as well as female. In wanting to better ones situation, being economically deprived, most of us would resort to anything for money—robbing, stealing, killing etc.

Knowing this situation, certain political figures and police officials have played on the minds of our people by the introduction of crack cocaine. We have suffered a great deal. Slavery didn't completely destroy us. Now they come up with crack. It has made our people dependent on it in many ways. It has managed to cause our people to kill one another without remorse. This is the plan from the beginning to make Black people murder each other off.

Knowing that our people are a social and materialist people without the financial means to cover our appetite for things, they give us access to crack. As a result, we can gain money by any means even at the exploitation of all our people young and old alike. Our people have begun to imitate the "dog-eat-dog" mindset of the system—"better you than me" and so on:

We are a poor people, yet we are rich in our culture, history, and ancestry. Much has been wrongfully denied us and now we seek to better our lives. Too many of us fail to see the sole purpose of the system is to bleed our communities with drugs. All the industries, jobs, and educational institutions are suffering massive urban decay. This drug economy has drained the money, life morals, responsibility and role models out of the urban ghetto. It has lowered the standards and values of human life. When a child dies or goes to jail, our people have stated "that's one less n— on the streets". I am sick to my stomach when I hear this. The average year run of the unit in drug dealer is no more than five years before reality sets in on them. They either are killed or kill, or are sent to prison for life, never to see light of day again. These are concrete realities that face everyone in that lifestyle. This year alone, in my hometown of Gary, Indiana, seventy-one murders go on to be unsolved and our people still seem to feel secure in calling 911 at every emergency. What they say they are doing for the city/community, we as a people have the right to do ourselves.

I believe in the community and in doing so it's my opinion that we can control our own community and stop this wanton violence that's being carried out by our people. What we must seek common ground on is the

ing is also essential to life and a person can miss out on a lot not having the skills of reading.

He never made the statements that the state used as probable cause to indict me for murder.

Religions have many beneficial aspects to them. We are a spiritual people that all down through history have practiced one spiritual faith or another. I had a lot of problems with the acceptance of God even though I was raised a Baptist. As a youngster, I loved to see my people jump up and shout when hymns out. The songs were so wonderful and I really loved it. As I started to get older, my locus was more to the streets and my more "machiismo" attitude. If my friends thought I was into God, they thought or said I was soft. Peer pressure drove me to doubt the relevance of God's care and protections, so I went astray. Many of our young people have completely abandoned God and the spiritual balance of God's care. We are living in a world where we must seek spiritual balance in God and God's prayer. We are living in our last days and if we don't get on track we will be left behind.

I feel that the Black churches in our urban communities must stand up and take on a responsible role to increase the peace in the Black communities and other righteous freedom-loving people in saving our youth. Many of our elders who sit back and talk the talk must begin to walk the walk where it concerns Black people, primarily our youngsters.

Political Corruption

The people in society seem to be doing a lot of finger pointing at our youth in the streets. We must begin to face the facts that we don't manufacture guns, drugs, assault rifles, C-4 explosives and the like. Politicians are distributing all the guns and drugs to a certain group of young people that work for these corrupt politicians. In doing so, mass violence surrounds our community and the politicians, after using their power, either have them killed or jailed. Once this is over, they do as corrupt police: call a press conference and say we are taking back our streets. When all the time it is the politicians from mayors, council members, city judges etc. who caused much of these troubles to arise. It is not so hard to see these realities—it is these people in elected, authority positions who are committing the crimes of the century and are never caught. If they are caught, corrupt laws protect them and they only receive slaps on the wrist.

The Urban Drug Dealer

The drug dealer is one who has for so many years been deprived of love, respect, a strong sense of family, and last but not least economic prosperity. Most of us growing up in the ghetto of urban America come

A Sgt. Frazier made a statement to investigators that while doing a count he was pulled to the side by an offender, John C. Collins, who was in a completely different cell house at the time of the murder. He claims that Collins was the one who said the guard was killed by me because he failed to bring drugs to me on time. Once again, I received another sworn statement on my behalf from Collins letting me know this officer came to him accusing me of the crime and he swears he never made one statement. He said he showed his disbelief of what has been said and what Frazier said to him. He also promises to come to my aid in court and testify that he never made any comments, but was approached by Frazier in an attempt to coerce him to aid their vindictive plans to frame me up. We hope to completely expose every state employee responsible for their actions.

The Stander Of Character

In many cases such as this, there is a strong chance the people with rally around you for all sorts of reasons. Many for the hate of racist frame-ups that has occurred to others and most just a chance to be helpful. From a revolutionary standpoint it's a move against the enemy who is responsible for neo-colonial repression throughout the camps. In their attempts to further their slander of my character in hopes to diminish my broad-based support. Officers at the Indiana State Prison who all took part in this conspiracy to frame me have spread all sorts of lies and vicious untruths about me throughout the prison. Some of their helpers have also managed to spread these same rumors. I am beyond any of this foolishness and refuse to be silenced by the state or any knee-diss perpetrator inmate who has been suckered into believing these vicious lies. I've earned my "revolutionary bones" and my declaration as such has been known for quite some time now by the enemy controlled state and prison population throughout Indiana. If you people who have chosen to distance yourselves can factually produce my documentation of their accusations, please do so. The state has NO EVIDENCE and you so-called brathers of the struggle DON'T EITHER. I'm not perfect, never claimed to be, but I'm not nobody's helper. My New Afrikan sisters and brothers, as a youth I made a lot of stupid reactionary mistakes, but never once have I surrendered my integrity, my principles, or my morals. I really hope that all of you who think otherwise think again once you see me moving onwards toward victory.

I was told by many people that anyone accused of the murder of a police or corrections officer would get the additional charge, IC 35.50-2.9, which is the death penalty. In the sentencing phase, after a person is convicted of murder, the Judge can determine to impose the death penalty if the victim of the murder was a corrections employee, fireman, judge, law enforcement officer. In my case this was a correctional officer that was corrected and I'm being blamed. The electric chair is a sinister machine used by "state murderers" as a way of getting their revenge. It was once white mob lynchings, mass killings, now they have this ugly death machine and the coming of 1995 and laws have given the state an easy way out to advance the killings. The murder of Ajamu was a clear example of what the state has planned for any "threats" to their "colonial order" of things. The execution of that officer was yet another example of how intense the conditions have become here in Indiana where prisoners are being brutally beaten, killed and sentenced to death by the State. It's clear that the atmosphere is changing. The chickens have definitely come home to roost.

Motion For Change Of Venue

On June 6 a motion for change of venue was issued by my attorney Atley C. Price. The prosecution filed a warrant to obtain a blood sample on the same date. A hearing was held ten days later where we presented evidence to show that Laporte County was biased because the murder occurred there. However the people had seen me on TV and in newspapers. Throughout Indiana, the enemy controlled media had already found me guilty. There was no way I could have received a fair and impartial jury if there is such a thing as impartial here in Indiana or the world.

States prosecutor Thomas Powlaski argued his case why the trial should be held here in Laporte County and not venued. He also argued that his office needed a sample of my blood to compare to some allegedly found blood. Blood that was planted on my clothing taken the night of December 13, 1994.

The Conspiracy Continues

The Judge moved to have the case venued out of Laporte County Indiana to South Bend Indiana which is St. Joseph County. While resting after my daily exercises, three prison guards came to the cell area where I was housed, D-Pod Blue Section 107. I was told that the nurse Lisa Homer LPN had orders from her head doctor, Dr. Detrosario, to obtain 30cc of blood from me. It was a Sgt. Abraham, and an Officer Totzke that brought this news to me. I wanted to resist, but I remembered my

of the problem. I never hear anyone speak on the "gang colors" and "laws" which are a major part of the disconnection of Black unity in the cities. As a youngster, I witnessed all the tools of group warfare that made us enemies to one another. These colors separate one group from another which creates the violence of turf wars and bloodshed. I don't subscribe to any gang colors. My colors are now red, black and green which are the colors of Afrika. Red is for the blood of Afrikan people during the centuries of slavery, Black is for the Black lives lost trying to fight for freedom, and Green is for the land upon which our people live. These colors connect all Black people together as a family and we ain't got no business killing one another for a color.

Once you have taken your colors away, the only colors that join us together as brothers and sisters is our hue, which means our Blackness and our blood ties. Inside the walls of prison, colors separate some men, but for most it is very insignificant because we are brothers in the same situation. All we do is try to survive, and educate ourselves to who we are, where we come from and where we plan to go. The time has come for us to join our hands, spirits, hearts and minds together and reclaim ourselves and our communities or we will continue to lose our youth to Black-on-Black violence, drug wars, or the pig police.

Non-Existent Black Businesses

Many urban areas have begun to lose a lot of money or are having to sell out their business to outsiders. Numerous non-Blacks are moving in and buying out all Black-owned and controlled stores. Due to our socialization, Black people feel that our community stores don't have the latest outfit or shoes so all the communities money is spent in the foreign owned stores which are outposts for white-controlled corporations. We always speak of our people not doing anything for themselves, yet we do nothing to strive to better our situation. We lose out on it all when we don't support or promote the idea of keeping the money in the "neighborhood". We have developed a lot of self-hate of our own people due to so many of our kind taking advantage of us. Before we can become a self-reliant and self-determined Black people we must first resolve our internal conflicts.

Education And Religion

I have noticed how much our people are taking the importance out of the necessity of education. Modern day education is most needed. It gives us the balance to tackle the world as it comes down around us. Basic mathematics is needed to get one through the day. Math is part of everyday life and when you have it down, it can take you places. Read

chaos and dysfunctionism. When there is no parental guidance, there is a lost and neglected child that's starving for love, compassion and stability. If it doesn't exist at home, the child's next alternative is the street slanks who prey on youth, stealing their youth and potential as our future leaders.

Seeking to Identify

Locking in love, lannily bonding, and a sense of belonging most youth join and become members of a street group (gang)— I choose to use the term youth groups— just wanting to feel a part of something or just to have someone to look up to due to our declining number of role models. In today's society, the youth are so starved for love they cling to material objects such as Starter's Gear, Nike Air Jordans etc., as a means of making a statement that "I am somebody". They have been programmed by the TV ads that if you're not wearing fresh gear or clothes, you're not hip or cool or in the "in crowd." People are killing each other to get a Starter's jacket or a Herring-bone necklace because they saw the children on 90210 wearing them.

We make clothes, clothes do not make us, and when all of you rise above this inidness o lot of this killing will stop.

My Thoughts On Gang Life

I was the epitome of the urban terrorist, gang member or thug. I truly want to say if I had to do it again, I never would have joined. All of my wrongs, I now repent for and wish I could give back what I took away from so many people. I nearly drove my mom crazy, the one person who has been down for me for all of my twenty-six years of life. She's a strong woman. Most mothers stand by their children no matter what.

Many changes have come over me, and these changes have caused me to gain a great love and respect for my people everywhere. My thoughts now surround how to help to make this world and our Black communities safe and drug free. I want future generations to grow up in an atmosphere conducive to development and empowerment of ourselves as a people struggling for freedom.

Stop The Separation

When we seek to find peace in an unpeaceful community, we must look for the causes of this violence.

We are aware that drugs, unemployment, and lack of education are parts

attorney said that once the Judge issues the court order they would get the sample anyway. Not wanting them to have any more weapons to use against me, I allowed them to cuff and restrain me. Once I got into the nurses station I wasted no time in asking to see the state's court order. She then told me her orders came from the doctor who had in his care the court records. She took the blood and I was taken back to the sleeping area. I was very alarmed about these events, so I called my attorney the following morning asking him was he informed that the judge had approved the order from the Prosecutions Office to obtain the blood sample. He was stunned by the news and then said he had never been advised of the approved order and that something didn't fit. We ended the conversation with my attorney saying he was going to go straight to the court-house to find out for sure. We had an attorney visit the next day and he advised me that the judge hadn't ruled on his decision yet and that there must have been a conspiracy afloat between the Indiana State Prison/Supermax Westville and the Prosecutor's Office to obtain it and plant blood evidence at the scene of the crime thus placing me there at the time the killing occurred.

So, back at M.C.C. I requested to see this Doctor Delrosorio concerning these affairs and was called out to see him. He stated that he knew nothing of a court order and that he NEVER once told this nurse Lisa Homer or any staff member to take a blood sample from me at any time. I became angry, and abusive verbally, letting him know that they would not get away with attempting to USE that sample of blood to plant me at the scene of that alleged crime. I went back to the cell and thought long and hard about all of this. Accepting the facts as they are and knowing that these people will not stop until they have killed me. That my life is on the front line now and before I can request the help of others I must first move to help myself, by all means. I then compiled a list of all the events and who was involved and sent a request for an investigation to be done by the Superintendent Herbert Newkirk. I told him I want to know what has happened to the blood taken from me and to produce it as evidence of what happened. Later on that evening I was confronted by the case manager Dawn MacMillan with a letter from the Superintendent. She stated that the Supt. had said "that a GREAT mistake was made" -yeah right. Also saying that this nurse Lisa Homer misread the records and was supposed to have secured a sample from an inmate here at M.C.C. named "McHenry". But in all honesty this offender has had his name changed to "White" and that is his current legal name. How could anyone of this nurse's qualifications misread "White" as being "McQuay" or vice-versa. There is no way. My DOC # is 874304 and his is 9002. Who do they think their dealing with? I was once a damn fool but not any longer. I was then told that when this nurse realized a mistake was made, she then destroyed the blood token. I have no doubt

in my mind that Lisa Homer the LPN that took my blood is somehow in connection with Karl Swift/Sate Police officers and got that sample as a means of showing her loyalty to the state. My attorney has filed a motion for production of this blood she claims to have destroyed. They are now a part of this case. If she can't produce the sample, we will move to request the court to suppress this SO-CALLED blood evidence the state plans to present.

Civil Suit Filed

Leonard McQuay vs. Lisa Homer et al
Case # 46c01-9508-CP-000307

A civil suit was filed by me, pro-se on August 18, 1995. The court issued an affidavit of poverty, an order waiving filing fees and an order waiving court costs. On the 15th of November a Suzanne Weber Wyston from the Attorney General's office filed her Notice of Appearance to represent Lisa Homer, Dr. Delrosario, Sgt. Abraham, Ofc. Colvert and Ofc. Lotzke, concerning the illegally obtained blood sample on July 7, 1995. On November 15 I received their answer to the court's request. Each party is denying any malicious intent and is still claiming to have made a mistake. If it was a mistake, it was a mistake that each defendant is liable for. I did not request a blood test, I didn't ask for my Fourth Amendment constitutional rights to be violated. I lost close to 40 cc of my blood unnecessarily, for no other reason than for the sick purposes of the state. On September 22, 1995, I filed a motion for appointment for counsel, an affidavit in support of that motion, and a Memorandum of Law. I am now just waiting on the court to make a ruling on the merits of my civil claim. I have about 15 sworn affidavits from inmates that heard them say they had court orders to obtain blood from me. Things should go in my favor as it stands right now.

Alleged Dying Declaration

On the night of December the tenth, 1994, two statements were made that are being used as evidence saying that before this officer died he said "Kholfani done it, mom, Kholfani done it." There were thirty officers at the scene, but only these two claim those words were uttered as soon as they got to the scene. Officers Michael Beas and Curtis Jones have made this up because their trumped-up charge seems to be very weak and I've been the subject of their harassment, slander, gossip, and always towed a fierce, hard line in D-Cell-House.

Court records show that Officer Jones made a statement to prison inmates that he overheard inmates saying that he was the intended victim.

time to save ourselves is at hand. Tomorrow isn't promised to know of us, yet we go on thinking and acting as though we are immortal. A lot of us are constantly dying and choosing the easy way to do things instead of the morally correct thing to do. We can only do better when we look at ourselves as a strong and self-determined people whose time has come to stand up.

Death Don't Discriminate

Dying is a way of life, but doesn't have to be an every day occurrence. Just the other day my nephew, Capus Adams, was shot in the buttock by some pigs in Gary Indiana. I am glad he didn't get killed by my eeeay's hands, but the reality of it is he's part of some group just as my story explained I was. He's strong-willed and able-minded and willing to prove to anybody that he's bad. He was supposed to have a .38 automatic and they claimed he turned around and pointed the gun at them, yet he's shot in the butt. I love my nephew and he's a good child, but I trust he honest— he's in a very vicious social cycle. That can only lead him to death or prison for many years.

Conspiracy to Kill or Imprison Black Boys

As I sit here in my prison cell, I see the economic life and vitality of the Black community turn into nins. Most of you can't see the role that young Black men are being killed or railroaded to prison. Also, the levels of employment and summer jobs for Black men are slowly becoming non-existent. This leads to Black-on-Black crime, drug abuse, and the distribution and sale of drugs. Thus most men/boys claim that the urban drug economy is their only way out due to lack of employment. I know how most of you out there have lost hope that Black men will ever come together. But once we begin to pay attention to our youth centers and programs, and begin to revitalize our community, then we will begin to save our youth. Unfortunately, right now, a lot of the young brothers I know from my era are either crack addicts or dead or walking zombies without having a clue as to what's going on in the world and why.

Addictions and Dysfunctional Households

Crack cocaine is very strong and addictive. Many of our mothers and fathers have become its latest victims. It's sad and I don't blame the parents totally. Pressures in society can drive anyone over the edge and people are using drugs as a form of escape and not realizing using it once, you're addicted. Crack makes you dependent on it at the cost of anything and anyone. A once responsible person— male or female, mom or dad — becomes reckless and irresponsible, creating a house of

to the detention center. While there a second time, I ran into a lot of my boys and we had control of the center. That time I really missed my loved ones and a terrible thing happened. I lost my father and I was hurt badly. My stay the second time was one eye-opener, yet I was driven by youthful energy to "come-up" and "do good" for myself.

Once released from detention, I shortly afterward became involved with the spells of drugs: cocaine, ecstacy, opium, pills, acid, heroin, etc. As this cycle played out, I became entrenched in fast-living: curs, women, partying, and exploiting people who were weak. I became a "mad-man", a modern day slave-master, giving little for a whole lot in return. All of this is going on right now in the community.

While at a party given for one of my partners in the drug business, I met a white woman. She was then about twenty-four while I was only sixteen years old. This was 1986. The woman was having sex with all the brothers at the party and I was number four. Shortly after the party this young woman was promised some cocaine for her services. The guys refused to give the cocaine and she flipped out. I went home to my mom's house. She asked me where I had been and I told her I'd been at a party. She was upset and really see now that all those years I was driving my mother near a nervous breakdown. I was always into something and she'd be there to bail me out or just to show she loved me by being there.

The young white woman was disturbed and when she didn't get her drugs, she went to the police and conjined up a story of rape and myself and two other brothers had warrants out for our arrest. I went in and made a statement of facts and was released and never heard of it again.

January 7, 1987 I was conducting some business with some guys and had to make some errands. I stopped to pick up some money owed to me and the guy pulled a .45 Colt automatic pistol on me. I saw my life flash before my eyes and before I knew it, I had the gun out of his hands, he charged me, and the gun discharged, hitting him about fourteen times. I was scared so I ran home and cleaned myself up. I was on the run about one month until the sheriffs found out I was living in the projects with my girl-friend.

They followed my Mom until I was arrested and taken to Crown Point in Lake County. This is when I was charged with the rape of the white woman that I never committed. I was also charged with battery and sentenced to five years and twenty-five years for rape. I was to do twelve and one-half years and then came home.

Since 1985 to 1996 not much has changed in the streets. My story reflects a cycle of violence and crime that continues. Black people, the

tin. This was because he was involved with running off with inmates money with the promise of getting either drugs or food. He withheld this information in the court statement to evade criminal charges or being fired. Officer Jones and Officer Curry, the officer that was killed, were both light-skinned six feet-two inches tall and about 300 pounds. It's always dark on the unit, so this may be in part true. It's my belief that they both were into some things that caused them to be placed in the line of fire. This includes harassment and beatings. Prior to Ajamu's execution 3 prisoners had been brutalized by the unit's officers. Officers assigned to the predator unit are brainwashed into being as reactionary and brutal as possible. However those actions are always followed by reactions.

On two occasions I have had run-ins with Beans and Jones and this was their chance to get me back. Out of their fear about their fallen comrade and strong sense of loyalty to the officer, they made up this fabricated story of a "dying declaration." The autopsy clearly states this man was stabbed in his left rear neck and left center chest (heart). All of his lungs and mouth were filled with blood. If he would of said anything he would of chaked on that blood. Their statements are conflicting and will be thoroughly attacked in court.

Reservoir Retaliation

The night of December 13, 1994 during a medication run to inmates confined to the isolated Segregation Unit called I.D.U. on Indiana State prison LPN, Rosie Thomas from the 7:00 PM shift, spoke to an offender who thought nothing of expressing satisfaction on the "correction of the officer." Abu Fletcher #5198 stated: "What are you all running scared now for? You didn't think nothing of it when you executed Gregory Reservoir (Ajamu), so what's the problem now? It's an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. If you can kill us we can make some of you go too. Ain't that a bitch, it's not over yet." This brother here has always been anti-police and I know they plan to retaliate against him for such remarks. The retaliatory net of killing the officer was felt throughout the whole D.O.C. Close to 17 officers resigned from their jobs at the Indiana State Prison. Some picketed outside the prison for two weeks calling for more security and higher pay due to the death. In retaliation for what I'm accused of doing, Karl Swihart and State Police confiscated all my books on organizing, education, warfare, Islamic affairs, pictures, and the list goes on.

Won't Quit, Can't Quit

My struggle is still alive and strong as ever, I refuse to stop my networking and seeking help from the outside. I've been exhausted from com-

stantly working and writing, but its my life on the line. Nobody wants to exonerate myself more than I do. I've learned the benefits from taming the paper tiger, so I struggle on. M.C.C. staff has been photocopying all my mail and sending copies to the Commissioner and the Governor Evan Bayh. Yet I forge on, never letting up on doing what must be done.

Trial Date

July 8, 1996 is the scheduled date for my murder trial. There will be a lot more news to put out, so there will be a part II to this pamphlet. The eventual outcome will be in part II and may contain pictures and a lot more names of state officials involved.

My Thanks

I would like to thank my friends at Philadelphia Anarchist Black Cross that helped me in the production of the pamphlet. And thanks to all of you who have aided me in exposing this case to the mainstream public. Asante-Same (Thank-You).

Please show your support in any way you can, all the proceeds from this pamphlet are being geored towards my legal defense expenses. Before this could be reproduced or changed in any way please contact me or my committee in Gary, Indiana. My transformations and developments have left me scored by the new things I've learned. I will never forget the injustices done to my people and the injustices done to me by the state and those who have been manipulated by their slanderous nature. Aluta. Continue (The Struggle Continues)

For Donations and More Information

Please Contact:

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PEACE IN THE STREETS: A CALL TO THE YOUTH

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

My name is Leonard Bernard McQuay. I have adopted the name Khaltoni Khalidun as a product of my transformations since I have been incarcerated. I have become very fond of writing as a way of self-expression and to hopefully reach the youth population in urban amerikkka.

I was given the name Zaid and now resides at the Indiana Reformatory. He felt the name represented change for me and I accepted it and have come to love the name.

I have decided to make this call to our youth because I am a product of urban youth warfare and I have a need to let my voice be heard. I became involved in the street groups at the age of twelve. For me it was very exciting and provided me with a sense of identity and belonging. Being a very strong-minded and rebellious youngster, I proved myself to be the essence of what I thought qualified "down".

I always found myself on the front-line in many instances, in combat of black-on-black urban warfare. At the age of thirteen, I was given a rank as gladiator recruiter for northwestern Indiana. A lot of my jobs were to screen, discipline, or "bles-in" as they used to say. But I also had to jump on some of them. I see that as being very stupid and reckless today, yet I was only a baby myself.

The summer of 1984, I was fourteen and was given rank as a right-hand man of the general. A lot happened that year and we lost five members. Looking back over my life now, I had practically given up my life to the organization. Much was missing in my life and my brothers and my group became my extended family. In the winter of 1984, I was caught inside someone's house and was charged with unlawful entry/burglary and sent to the detention center. While there, I encountered leaders of rival groups and the threat of group retaliation was in the air. God had my back because I was the only member there from my "turf" as they used to say. Nothing ever happened though. I spent six months in detention and was released into my parents' custody. This was my first time away from home and it was a trip, but it wasn't enough to slow me down.

In July 1985, I was arrested again on a theft of a bike and was sent back